THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 66.

RATIONAL and interesting conversation may be classed among the most agreeable amusements of life. In that free interchange of sentiment which takes place round the fire side, where friend meets friend in liberal confidence, the heart is opened, the mind is enlarged; improvement assumes her most engaging form, and pleasure is mingled with instruction.

Conversation is an universal employment. Every one has occasion to use those faculties of speech with which he is blest, but in this as every thing else, there is variety of excellence, and the mind may be disciplined into such perfection as to make an hour's conversation, the most engaging employment. Those powers of intellect which command admiration and wonder are the prerogative of few, and seldom called into use. Few people have occasion to display the researches of philosophical labour or to increase the volumes of the library, but every one has an opportunity of displaying all the elegance and information of his mind in those colloquical parties, which friendship or convenience assemble. This is the domestic theatre where every one must play his part; and here, talents are as usefully and as agreeably employed as on a more conspicuous stage.

It is not the noisy riot of intemperate mirth that conveys pleasure to the mind, nor is it the secluded labor and the fatigue of literary studies which alone can afford it satisfaction; that is most congenial to nature which unites the gaiety of pleasure with the temperance of reason, and joins hilarity and amusement with the displays of mental vivacity.

This is happily procured by the conversation of intelligent friends, who enliven their arguments with cheerfulness and wit, and recommend their sentiments by good nature and discretion.

Conversation however is so much a matter of course that it is seldom considered as a business, and so universal that it is hardly thought to require the trouble of improvement. But it is in life as in nature; things grand and sublime are of necessity rare, those of less splendor are generally of more use and common in proportion to their utility. Talents and genius of an order to command universal admiration are reserved for a few favoured individuals and are displayed only on great and particular occasions. They mix not with common life; they have no connection with those little occurrences which constitute so great a

share of individual happiness. But those abilities, which lead conversation in an easy and regular current, which give vivacity and spirit to society, are called every day into action; they are powers which all should wish to possess, because they are capable of extensive improvement.

The talent of conversation is not however to be enumerated among common gifts. Most people indeed in the course of twenty-four hours spend their proportion both of time and words, but there is a great difference between the communication of elegant sentiment and judicious observation, in easy and natural language, and the common subjects which are detailed in the vulgar dialect of provincial speech. The first is the great mark of refinement and education, the latter evinces a deficiency of both. Indeed it is from the language of conversation that we in a great degree decide on the quality of the mind. A person makes no very favourable impression, who is either too diffident to hazard an observation, or who, if he does do it had better have let it alone. From those who have any ambition of excellence or make any pretensions to polite education, we expect that amenity of manners and propriety of conversation which will repay the labor of attention and display the charms of refinement.

As the time which is engaged in conversation on subjects capable of conveying improvement, is both valuably and pleasantly employed, those habits which interrupt or destroy it should be discountenanced and even reprobated in a liberal society. While there are some men in the circle whose taciturnity never interrupts the current of thought, there are others whose incessant volubility deprives every one besides of a chance of speaking. They insist on engrossing the attention of the company—of being the sole oracle—of illuminating by their eloquence, and suffering nobody to be convinced but by their arguments. Such men are tedious and disgusting—they poison one of the sweetest pleasures of life. There are others who are not merely contented with declaiming on every subject advanced, but dispute with you at every word. For the sake of argument they espouse any side of a question that will give them room for discussion, contend points too evident for a second thought, and deny conclusions which require only to be known to command assent. These are the nettles in the garden; they perplex, irritate and fatigue you.

There are some men so uncivil and rude as in a mixed company engaged in the agreeable pleasures of a desultory conversation to start some topic which they know will cause a contrariety of opinion and dissolve the amusement of the party, something which shall shut out one part from the general diversion, by leading the current, in a channel where they cannot follow it.

I have always placed in this class of indecorum the introduction of disputable points of politics and religion in a mixed party of ladies and gentlemen. Politics particularly have assumed such an unaccommodating form that it is almost impossible to introduce them without giving offence. They erect a standard which summons every man to his post, and like war itself bear down every social feeling in the rout—Surely the concerns of the nation may be settled without making the dinner table a council board, and the parlour a hall of state—surely time enough may be given to the interests of the nation

without infringing on the engagements of politeness and improvement.

If conversation be an employment, which in itself is a pleasure, proper times should be appropriated to suitable subjects. The man would be considered very impertinent, who should attempt to divert the legislature with discourses unconnected with the public business, and he should be treated with not more civility, who should introduce the concerns of legislation, where the only purpose to be answered is to create passion and animosity, and make every one more strenuous for his own individual opinion. E.

For the Emerald.

BIOGRAPHICAL OUTLINE OF *JOHN HORNE TOOKE.*

(Concluded fr. p. 65.)

If this observation is thought invidious, we will request the reader to consider, that Horne knew better than any of his copatriots, the laws of his country. He knew that between sedition and treason, there was a line drawn, which the humanity of an English jury would not overleap. The punishment of sedition was not capital, and that he was qualified by experience to endure. The benefit to be derived from it, we shall see in the sequel. At his trial where Lord Chief Baron Eyre presided, numerous charges against him where supported by no other proofs, than written documents, to which his signature was not affixed, and with the contents of which, it could not be proved, that he had the remotest degree of acquaintance. With a characteristic hardihood he acknowledged himself to be the author of the most virulent papers, and braved the result. It was to no purpose, that the Chief Baron informed him, that no one was bound to produce evidence against himself; Horne persisted in his confession, and thus supplied against himself the deficiency of evidence. He abused the counsel and the court, with the most hardened effrontery, and imposed the heaviest tax on the humanity of his judges. Mr. Erskine, the present Lord Chancellor, was one of his counsel, and as was usual for him in his address to the jury, talked much more about himself than his client. The Lord Chief Baron's conduct during the whole of the trial, was exactly the counterpart to Mr. Horne's. With a composed dignity, which is only the property of superior minds, he overlooked the petty attempts of the prisoner to insult, confound, and embarrass, and in his charge to the jury expressly directed them not to regard those papers produced on the part of the government, where there was no other evidence than Mr. Horne's own declaration that he was their author. This was assailing Horne in his only vulnerable point; he was prepared to be bullied and beaten down; but was not prepared to resist pity and compassion. His native hardihood forsook him, his self-confidence fled, and in terms of deep humility and self-abasement, he testified his gratitude. When a verdict of not guilty was rendered by the jury, a circumstance transpired that strangely marks his original cast of thinking. Amongst the vast concourse of spectators that crowded the bar, he discovered the countenance of a beautiful girl, who was the daughter of one of the jurors. He addressed her in the following language, "Sister! you may be surprised at my claiming kindred with you; but remember, that the same being who gave you life thirteen years ago, *gave me life on this day.*" It has before been remarked, that Horne by all his actions solicited prosecution; we may now see his motive for so doing. He had learned from the example of his former friend and persecutor John Wilkes, that no passport to popularity was more infallible amongst the mob, than *a condemnation in a court of justice.* Wilkes' outlawry raised him to the office of Lord Mayor of the first commercial city in the world. He then could do, as both he and Horne did, talk and clamour in the public papers of ministerial tyranny, and persecution; represent himself as the victim, and appeal to the humanity of the English nation to protect him. Accordingly, we find Horne at the hustings on the day of election; offering himself as a

candidate for parliament, and exposing to the view of the admiring multitude his *patriotism fresh from the Old Bailey*. This was evidence too strong to be doubted. We now find him, in the full fruition of all his wishes, a member of the English House of Commons. Scarcely was he warm in his office, before he manifested the same solicitude to leave that body, that he formerly had to obtain a seat amongst them. Indeed no situation in life affords a better school for courtesy, or where respect for the opinions of other men must be more necessarily learned as the rudiment of success, than that of a representative in the councils of a free nation. Mutual yielding and accommodation, delicacy in discussion, flattery, and apparent respect, where the heart feels none, all these must be employed to win on the side of the politician those of his fellows, who can overturn the most irresistible argument by a vote. From the foregoing sketch of Horne's life it will be readily perceived, that this he was not prepared to resist. Accustomed to implicit reverence, where his responses were considered like those of the Delphic oracle, infallible, he could not bear the society of those, whose understandings, although inferior to his own, claimed equality of respect. His bulls and anathemas were mere "ardentia verba;" they commanded no reverence, if noticed at all, were noticed with contempt. We pause a moment to remark how trifling and insignificant! how utterly destitute of all influence a mere speculative politician will ever be in the councils of a nation. Solitude and study have given him respect for his own opinions, and a contempt for those of other men. He sees an evil and proposes a remedy; but, never having been disciplined to opposition, regards all discussion as injustice. The "tonans Jupiter" is no longer terrific; the gods in council behold the "informatum fulmen" and laugh whenever it is uplifted. Burke, when from the recluse of his study, he was ushered into legislation; saw and felt this evil in the outset, and instead of attempting to do what was impossible, to reform mankind to his own liking; undertook what was possible, a reformation of himself to theirs. Horne's constitutional stuff, was too inveterate to bend, and his sole anxiety was to retreat from a place where his pre-eminence was not felt. Here the ministry kindly lent him a helping hand, and for once in his life he found himself on the same side of the question with the minister.—By the common, canonical, or statuary law of England, all those, who had taken orders were ever after prohibited from a seat in the House of Commons. The ministry, or some of their retainers, had the good fortune to light upon this law, and it was decreed that Horne, having once been a clergyman, was not qualified to be a legislator. On the first reading of the bill, which went to exclude him from his seat, declaring that he was not *qualified* to serve, Horne took occasion to remark, that it reminded him of a story, that would explain to the house his reasons why he was *disqualified* from sitting as a member. He then observed that amongst the many charitable institutions in the city of London, there was one established for the comfort and subsistence of those of the female sex, who had lost their chastity and virtue. Amongst the number of unhappy beings who applied for admission, was one beautiful girl, extremely young, who was asked by the overseer, if she belonged to that class, and who answered in the negative with the blush of virgin modesty on her cheek. "Then," replied the overseer, "you have no business with us; *go forth and qualify*."

On the third reading of the above-mentioned bill, one of the friends of the ministry enforced its necessity, and entered into many nice and speculative distinctions concerning the nature of some of the doctrines of Episcopal faith. Horne, ready at retort, replied, that the gentleman's curiosity resembled the curiosity of a man, who attempted to ascertain the number of devils, that formerly inhabited hogs. His first essay was to ascertain how many individuals were required to make up a legion. Finding that the number varied in different reigns, he assumed as a medium, the reign of Tiberius. His next attempt was to ascertain the precise number required to constitute an *herd*. After having ransacked all the swineries of Messapotamia for evidence he found that they amounted to less than a *legion*. He then took arithmetic for his guide and allowed a devil and an half to each hog. Horne was at length declared

incompetent to sit in the House of Commons, and dismissed to the shades of private life. His genius, ever on the alert, was now employed much more favourably for himself and the world, by preparing for the press his second volume of the Diversions of Purley.

No writer of the present day copes with the subject of the present memoirs for purity of English. He does not seem to have taken any writer for his model; every paragraph shines with its own brilliance. He avoids equally a condensation of thought, that perplexes the reader like a riddle or conundrum, and a diffusiveness, where the meaning is lost amidst the pomp of surrounding words. He does not, like Swift, reject a metaphor because it is one, but because it does not illustrate; neither does he, like modern writers, hide his subject behind his metaphors. His sarcasms are terrible; his logical ingenuity such, that his opponent seems to have placed himself in the awkward predicament to receive them unguarded, & is thus left entirely to the mercy of his antagonist. Precision & perspicuity were his main objects, and to these he made the graces subservient. More temperature in his ambition, or if his constitutional mechanism was averse to that, an ambition more steadfastly pointed to one object, would have rendered him the ornament of his age. Great talents cannot protect their owner from reproach, when unguarded by discretion; the fall of such a man is the less to be lamented, because nature has furnished him with a capacity to rise. The æronaut, who tumbles from his treacherous vehicle, is an object of pity, for he attempts to subdue nature to his wishes; but the eagle who presses his wings to his body and falls lifeless on the earth, excites no sympathy, because he might have done better, for the air was his element.

REMARK.

Poggius in his treatise on the misfortunes of princes, quotes the following defence of the god of riches against the complaints made against him, that he seldom came among men of probity. "I am blind," replied Plutus, "and as among men there is a great majority of rogues, is it a wonder that I should not be able to find the smaller number?"

FOR THE EMERALD

THE ORDEAL.....No. 16.

The last week has afforded but few topics of theatrical observation. Mr. Cooper's departure and Mr. Bernard's return, are most conspicuous and most felt; but neither before the departure of the former, or since the return of the latter, has there occurred any acting of sufficient importance to deserve critical analysis. We shall therefore be completely summary in our observations.

Romeo and Juliet (Shakespeare) and the Ghost. *Friday, Feb.* 6.

This play of Shakespeare's has experienced many revisions and alterations, first by Jas. Howard, who preserving both Romeo and Juliet alive made it a tragi-comedy; next by Theo. Cibber, whose additions and emendations, though they obtained some respect, are mere lumps of alloy inserted in the gold of Shakespeare, and of consequence have depreciated the value of the play; and last by Garrick, whose judicious mind saw at once the most obvious points required for stage-effect, and who alone seems to have been successful in his improvement of the text. His play is most generally represented in modern times; and though Mr. Sheridan, then of the Dublin, Mr. Lee of the Edinburgh theatres, and likewise a Mr. Marsh, have all produced their own alterations of this play, they have always confined them to the theatres in which they were originally intended to be performed. Romeo and Juliet is a production so universally known, that almost all its sentiments are familiar to every one who has any knowledge of Shakespeare. And this perhaps, because it treats of so universal a passion in two such romantic agents as the hero and heroine, with the most thorough acquaintance with the disposition of giddy youth, from its shallow contrivances and stratagems to its deep-felt passion and ardent fancy. And though the author sometimes suffers his warmth to produce flowers of imagination of too exuberant a growth; yet the general structure of the love scenes is beautiful and attractive. The characters are various, consistent and distinct, possessing passions which seem best

suited to themselves, and which could not suit any others. It is in this play that *Pope's* remark is fairly illustrated; that every speech may with ease be assigned to the proper speaker, as every speech of the prominent characters has something characteristical. The gay, airy and elegant wit of Mercutio, are shewn in flashes, so frequent, so sudden, and so unhoped for, as to keep the page of the poet in incessant illumination. Hence it was vulgarly supposed that Shakespeare was obliged to kill him in the third act, from a consciousness of his inability to support his consequence to the end. Tibalt, the Nurse, the Friar, are all characters of force and discrimination.

How badly this play was performed throughout—how the language was mutilated, the meaning perverted, the action destroyed, the art debased, and the passion repressed by deficiency of ardour, are topics on which we might greatly enlarge, if we thought the agents either patient of animadversion, or not too far involved in error to be extricated.

As to Mr. Cooper in Romeo, he wanted ardency, tenderness, and feeling. We will not say he cannot perform the part; but we do say he never performed, so ill to a Boston audience. What is quite remarkable, he more than once, entirely mistook the author, so that he rendered the speeches, succeeding his mistake, both nonsensical and ridiculous. We mean particularly in his introducing himself to Juliet.

Mr. Usher's Friar passed off well: but Mr. Fox's Mercutio! Was ever so great a part, so inhumanly murdered! had he omitted it entirely, or died before his time, or made use of different language we had comparatively been contented; but to cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of ignorance in all directions, to "bare gnaw" and "canker-bite" every expression of wit and every sally of sentiment!—We wonder the ghost of Shakespeare had not arisen from his drear abode to cry "hold! hold!"

Mrs. Powell's figure is no longer adapted to the part of Juliet, the young, the delicate and lovely. We presume necessity alone induced her to undertake it; so presuming, we are silent.

Among the other parts we might notice Mr. Milbourne's Apothecary with respect, did we not fear the petulent violence of Tibalt, the calm and deliberate courage of Benvolio, the impertinent garrulity of the Nurse, and the rage of all the Montagues.

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The Secret, (Edward Morris, Esq.) and Four Seasons. Monday, Feb. 9.

We expected much gratification, from the representation of the Rivals, by R. B. Sheridan, as the forces of the company seemed well arrayed, and so disposed as probably to gain success; but a sudden "falling-off" in a certain part of them, obliged the managers, to substitute *The Secret*, which happened to be very familiar to a great part of the audience. Mr. Bernard was welcomed at his return very cordially; and in his splendid personation of Old Lizard he repaid the spectators, and shewed he deserved their commendations.

The performance of the other characters taken up as they were at short notice, carries the excuse for its inaccuracy, in the knowledge of the fact. In general the acting was in the same style as in our former remarks on the same play.

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Castle Spectre, (Lewis) and Jew and Doctor. Wednesday, Feb. 11.

The Castle-Spectre, was got up this evening for the purpose of introducing, for a second time, the gentleman who some time ago undertook the part of Osmond. He now appeared in the same character. The cast of the play was altered since the last representation. Mr. Bernard taking the place of Mr. Dickenson, in Motley, and Mr. Poe that of Fox in Hassan.

In the part of Osmond, every allowance should be made for inexperience; there is much bye-play required, and of consequence, much self-possession and accurate delineation. These are qualifications almost unlooked for at the outset. Without attempting to analyse the performance of this gentleman, we we will endeavour to mention a few defects both in conception and execution of the part; and suggest a remedy for some of them. And here we will make an avowal, that he has made some improvement both in pronunciation and deportment since he first appeared; but he is yet very far from giving satis-

faction as an actor, though as a *debutant* he may gratify the considerate who make allowances, and perhaps enrapture the million who have no judgment either in censure or praise.

In his readings he is very often defective in emphasis, tones and cadence; in the dream scene particularly he shewed these defects. In the expression, "a *mere* dream sayst thou", he emphasised the word *dream*. And when he mentions "mark you not how the ague of fear makes my limbs tremble?" he seemed to hold forth his hands to view, and shake them as if to exemplify his remark, which implies deliberation and not distraction. After Osmond gets through his first speech in the dream scene, he in some measure recovers; satisfying his conscience with the atheistical thought, "there is not, there cannot be a world to come." There his deportment should alter; he relates his dream with passion, but still it is the *relation* of it; he is not under its *immediate* influence. This is a nice point to be enforced.

We would recommend to this gentleman frequent perusal of this part; that all the possible meanings of the obscure passages might be found, that from among the rest, the right one may be selected. Let him accustom himself to natural enunciation, on a higher pitch and more dignified, than common conversation; but not an overstrained exertion of sound, that is noisy without any resemblance to nature. This gentleman's powers of person and face; and his capacity of voice are well suited to tragedy; if he fails any where most particularly, it is in judgment.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

The Sonnets of Garcilaso, a Portuguese poet, are many of them peculiarly forcible in the thought and manner of illustration—

As when the mother, weak in tenderness,
Hears her sick child with prayers and tears implore
Some seeming good that makes his pain the less,
Yet with short ease, the future evil more.
E'en as her fondness yields to his vain will
She hastes to gratify her sickly son,
Anticipating then the coming ill,
Sadly she sits and weeps what she has done.

Thus have I pamper'd my distempered mind,
And yielded thus to fancy's wayward mood;
Poor dupe of fancy, self-condemned to find
The future anguish in the present good.
Thus do I waste a wretched life away,
And nightly weep the errors of the day

Garcilaso in one of his dialogues introduces a moorish metre, which however has seldom been imitated. It consists in making the *middle* of the second line rhyme to the *end* of the first, the middle of the third to the end of the second, &c. For example—

Thy safety sure is wrapped in *destruction*
For that *construction*, thine own words do *bear*;
A man to *fear*, a woman's moody eye, &c.

But this is a novelty to the eye merely. A peculiarity similar to this, but infinitely superior, is much used by the Welsh poets; and the Welsh bard, Edward Williams, has given a very happy specimen in English—

Retir'd amongst our native *hills*,
And far from *ills* of greatness,
We live delighted with our *lot*
And trim our *cot* with neatness.

We wisdom seek and calm *content*,
They both *frequent* our dwelling;
From these a deathless comfort *springs*,
The joy of *kings* excelling.

This kind of rhyme gives a sprightliness and life to the measure, and is, we think, a pleasant improvement in these little pieces.

ADRIAN'S DYING ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL.

The intellectual powers are sometimes "*stronger than death*"—they

float on the last breath of life, and we find oftentimes the errors of the greatness of genius in the last moments of existence. Thus the following—

Animula vagula, blandula
Hospes comesque corporis.
Quæ nunc abibis in loca
Pallidula, rigida nudula
Nec (ut soles) dabis jocæ ?

Translation.

Little courteous wand'ring thing,
Whither wilt thou turn thy wing,
The body's friend and guest—
Pale and naked, cold as clay,
Forgot alas, thy wanted play,
Where wilt thou take thy rest ?

THERE is a passage in VIRGIL which two eminent translators have rendered in an almost opposite but very elegant manner. It is the following, from 4th Georgic—

Tum sonus auditur gravior, tractimque susurrant
Frigidus ut quondam sylvis immurmurat auster
Ut mare solicitum stridet refluentibus undis
Æstuat ut clausis rapidus fornacibus ignis.

PITT has given this cluster of similies by the following lines—

'Tis then in hoarser tones their hums resound
Like hollow wind the rustling forests round,
Or billows breaking on a distant shore,
Or flames in furnaces that inly roar.

DRYDEN seems to have understood by "*sonus gravior*," not "*hoarser tones*" as Pitt has it, but a sound *gentler* than usual; and he has accordingly with wonderful dexterity accommodated the expressions of the compared sounds to this idea—

Soft whispers then and broken sounds are heard,
As when the woods with gentle winds are stirr'd,
Such stifled noise as the close furnace hides,
Or dying murmurs of departing tides.

This is indeed "roaring like any sucking dove;" but notwithstanding the happiness of language in this translation, it is evident that Dryden entirely mistook the "*mare solicitum stridet*" and the "*rapidus ignis æstuat*" of the original.

GREGOIRE,

Formerly constitutional Bishop of Blois, was one of the most accomplished men who sat in the circle of the French legislators in the early part of the revolution, and as eminent for his various and profound learning as for the urbanity of his manners. In a report of his to the convention, on the bounties to be conferred on men of genius, we read a sentence of which the following is a translation :—

A great man is the public property—A prejudice vanquished, or a truth discovered, are oftener of greater national utility than the conquest of a town—A man of genius is the foremost of his century, outstrips it, and as it were from thence (*depaysè*) expatriated. As virtue when united to beauty is liable to peculiar temptations, so genius possessing the gifts of fortune is particularly exposed to the anathemas of the fickle goddess.

An African was in London in the year 1795; being asked what he gave for his watch, replied: more than I shall ever give again—a fine boy !

For the Emerald.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.

Si voluimus, magna sæpe intelligimus ex parvis.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

From the French of M. Fleury.

(*Continued fr. p.* 66.)

THE pirates, whose custom it was to be no longer time at sea, landed at Metelin, and sold the unfortunate Tharsie to a miserable wretch who had accumulated a fortune by the purchase and sale of beautiful women. The charms of this young slave gave him the promise of a large profit on the speculation, and

he resolved to offer her as a worthy subject for the pleasures of Athenagoras, than Governor of Lesbos.—It is easy to imagine what must have been the uneasiness of Tharsie; but fortunately her master's designs required that she should be treated with respect. After having been left a few days to repose she was conducted to the palace of Athenagoras. The victim who from moment to moment was in expectation of death was not less tranquil than the trembling Tharsie. When she came into the presence of the governor she threw herself at his feet—she conjured him, in accents the most affecting to take pity on her melancholy situation—not to deprive her of that jewel which was dearer than life—the only one she ever had the power of calling her own. Beauty and virtue have irresistible claims on the heart—Athenagoras knew how to respect them—He raised the beautiful slave with an assurance of attention--Although of an age when passion most usually overpowers the reason, he was yet sufficiently generous to vanquish his desires in spite of the facility with which they might be gratified.—Tharsie related to him the story of her life. Charmed with her artless manner, he promised no longer to permit her virtue to be exposed, and having purchased her freedom, assigned her a situation in his palace with those women on whose manners reliance might be placed.

Tharsie was not ungrateful for these favors of Athenagoras, but she had to much virtue to permit a sentiment of gratitude to be converted into love. Athenagoras, on his part became every day more delighted with the mind, the manner, and the virtue of the beautiful captive, he discovered every moment some new charm and was uneasy at every moment which was not passed in her company.

In the mean time the war which engaged Appollonious was determined to the advantage of the confederate princes and he returned to his own country. After a proper attention to the administration of the government, he embarked for the Court of Cyrene, in order to see, and if possible, to carry consolation to the good king Theocles. After being some days at sea a storm obliged the vessel in which the king of Tyre had embarked to seek shelter in the port of Miteline. Athenagoras immediately repaired on board and offered to the king every accomodation during his stay which the palace could afford. Appollonious had a store of melancholy at his heart, and was unwilling to damp the pleasures of the court with the contagion of his grief, but was at last compelled by his importunity to accept the invitation.

Tharsie was the first person that met his eye, he was struck with admiration at her resemblance of Archestrate. The features of this beautiful person, (said he to one of his attendants who had observed his agitation) recalls to my mind happiness that was once my possession. Tharsie with an elegant and insinuating address, took an occasion to speak to him in that obliging and polite manner, which was her distinguishing trait. "Happy," said Appollonius, "happy must they be, madam, who first gave you to the light. You are without doubt their chief delight. Ah, I ought to have a daughter of your age—she would have been my consolation and delight, but her death has finished my misfortunes, I have nothing now to loose. "But what madam, what is the occasion of your distress?"—Oh, sir, replied Tharsie—you speak to

me of pleasures which it has never been my happiness to partake, I have never known the delights of a maternal embrace nor the satisfaction of a father's smile. You see me an unhappy orphan, rescued by the generosity of the Governor from the most dishonorable situation.

A few moments of farther explanation gave to Tharsie a father—to Appollonius the most lovely and interesting child that could have been selected from all the women of his kingdom. Athenegoras was not uninterested in this fortunate discovery. Every moment increased his love for the beautiful stranger—he was not ignorant of those favourable sentiments he had inspired; but as the daughter of the king was as much above, as the unfriended slave was below his rank, he dreaded the difficulties thus thrown in his way, and would have surrendered all future happiness without daring to attempt to restrain its flight. But the royal parent discovered the mutual sentiments of love, and with the liberal generosity of a noble mind, consented to their union. Happiness, said he, will spring from virtue, and rank is only valuable as it gives virtue a wider field to exercise its powers.—After the marriage of the young couple, Appollonius had a farther inducement to revisit Cyrene. It was determined that both his children should be his companions;—but before their final departure, that they should all visit the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and return thanks for the goddess' protection in preserving the life and honour of Tharsie under all those hazards to which they had been exposed.

Archestrate soon rose by her virtue and piety to the first situation in the temple, and at this time officiated as grand priestess. When she knew that the stranger—prince and his attendants would visit the temple, she gave orders for his reception in a suitable manner. Her quiet retreat had preserved the roses in freshness, which bloomed on her cheek, and she exhibited all that engaging loveliness as when she was encircled in the arms of her husband. The appearance of the *Prince of Tyre* was so unexpected to Archestrate, that she fell lifeless into the arms of the women who surrounded her.

It is indeed she, my wife, my Archestrate, cried Appollonius rushing into her arms, the heavens have preserved her for me. His joy could not give articulation to words; it beamed in rapture from his eyes, it flowed in tears down his cheeks. At length, taking Tharsie by the hand, my daughter, said he, behold your parent. At these few words she flew to take the place of Appollonius and for the first time received the warm embraces of a mother.

The report of this unexpected discovery spread itself through Ephesus, and gave opportunity for many splendid displays of public joy. Appollonius left rich presents for the temple of Diana, as marks of his piety and gratitude. Chermon who had preserved Archestrate after the shipwreck was suitably rewarded, and having dispatched the ministers of justice in pursuant of Dyonisiade and Korban, the happy group departed from Ephesus leaving in the records of the temple a history of their fate with this memorable scroll inscribed by order of the magistrates and priests of the temple.

There is no situation
where the good man should despair.
The fortitude which resists temptation, and
The perseverance which overbears
the stock of calamity,
are passports to future happiness.

Virtue for a time may be depressed by misfortune but it will rise above the troubles and persecutions of life—its light will not be extinguished, nor its heat destroyed though clouds for a season may obscure its vision and conceal its glory.

Extracts from the "Miseries of Human Life."

The dead silence of your capricious watch, when you are anxiously listening for its tick.

The moment of recollecting that you have sent a letter, *unsealed* containing all your most profound and delicate secrets, by one who, you *know*, will pay himself for postage, by very freely participating in your confidence.—Or, what is still worse:

In going out to sea in a fishing-boat with a delightful party, continuing desperately sick the whole time:—the rest of the company quite gay and well.

On instituting a severe scrutiny into the state of your *hair*, from the sudden and alarming detection of a bald spot—finding yourself at least ten years *nearer to a wig*, than you had at all apprehended.

When you are half asleep—receiving, and wading though, a long, dull, obscure, illegible, ungrammatical, misspelt, ill-pointed, letter of business—requiring a copious answer by the bearer.

In walking the streets—closely following, for above half an hour, a fellow with a heel as long as his foot, over which an inch of leather barely peeps behind; so that the foot seems, at every step, in the act of slipping out of the shoe—till you, at length, desperately wish it would happen, that the worst may be over.

In pumping;—the dry, wheezing, hiss—and dead thumping, drop—of the handle, as you keep working it, with vain hopes of water.

Buying a pocket-handkerchief on an emergency so pressing, that you have no time to get it hemmed; so that, before the day is half over, it is in strings.

Paying the bills of blacksmiths, butchers, "et hoc genus omne," and receiving in change, 1*l.* notes, silver, and halfpence, in a condition but too strongly impressing upon your mind the truth of the adage, that "riches are but *dirt*!"

After dinner—dragging the table about the room for an hour over an uneven floor, in hopes of coaxing it to stand on more than two legs—the remaining two hanging in the air, so that, on the slightest touch, the liquors are rocked and tilted out of the glasses, tumblers, &c. all over the board.—At length, when you are nearly destroyed already by the failure of your efforts to persuade the floor and the table to make it up and be friends, suddenly giving yourself the *coup-de-grace* by one fatal straight-forward shove, which shuts in the leg on the opposite side—instantly followed by a thunderclap and earthquake, as the leaf drops—together with decanters, bumpers, fruit-plates, sweetmeats, strawberries and cream, &c. &c. &c.—leaving you in a state of mind..... but I forbear!

"*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

Let it suffice to say that

"Loud was the noise! aghast was every guest!
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast!"

The involuntary mortification of wearing a *hairshirt*, in consequence of having inconsiderately been cropped after shifting.

Patching powder on your hair with a bald, clotted puff—and this, when you are dressing to go to *Her*.

NOTE.

We have received a card from Mrs. Stanley of the Theatre, which came too late for insertion. Its substance is, she informs the writers of the Ordeal of the reasons which prevented her correct personation of Estifania, in Rule a wife and have a wife—that those reasons were no secret in the green-room, that in consequence she *was* "in tears" during a scene which required the utmost "extension of volatility;" but that concessions had been made to her, and the injury was forgiven. This explanation we insert with the more pleasure, as it gives us an opportunity to exonerate Mrs. S. from every charge or suspicion of "neglect of duty," and completely accounts for her peculiar deportment in Estifania.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

ODE,

Addressed to a young Lady on her birth day.

ALMIRA, now that morn appears,
That adds another to your years,
And calls to festive mirth!
Pure friendship animates my lay,
And I this grateful tribute pay,
In honour of your birth!

Let my unpolish'd numbers find,
The approbation of a mind
By nature formed to please!
For you shall rise each fond desire,
That friendship and esteem inspire,
And but with life shall cease.

Hail lovely morn, that sweetly dawns
O'er the bare hill and russet lawns,
And wakes each tuneful power:
Tho' rigid winter rules the day,
May Phœbus shed a brighter ray,
On this auspicious—hour

For you ALMIRA, may the spring,
Her train of rural beauties bring,
Delightful to the view.
May Summer's various charms unite
With Autumn's—to afford delight,
And *Winter*—smile on you.

And oh!—may each returning year,
Yield joys unsullied and sincere,
To make ALMIRA blest!
And while your sands glide gentle down,
May not ev'n age be known to frown
Nor grief invade thy breast.

LEANDER.

Boston, Feb. 9, 1807.

IMITATION.

Of the fifth Ode of Anacreon.

WITH the plant of Love, the Rose,
Let us tinge our sparkling wine;
With the fairest flow'r that blows,
Let us blushing crowns entwine:
And, while laughing Bacchus flows,
Sorrow to the winds consign;

Fragrant Rose! thou sweetest flow'r!
Daughter of the perfum'd Spring!
Priz'd by gods at banquet hour,
Moving in the Graces' ring!
Crown'd with roses, Venus' boy
Shakes his wreath, and smiles for joy!

Hither, as my sportive lyre
Bromian Bacchus shall inspire,
Let the lovely girl advance
In the mazy winding dance;
Tuck'd above her knee the vest,
Hair unbound, and open breast;
Whilst her limbs, to music gay,
Each soft lurking charm display!

LINES

Written in Shenstone's Leasowes.

Is it Friendship that thus on my heart,
Impresses both sorrow and joy?
How I sigh, with regret, to depart
From the scenes that I ne'er can enjoy
For these hills are enliven'd no more
With the sound from lost Corydon's tongue,
And the vallies were never so poor
Of flow'rets, that bloom'd when he sung;
How languid the woodbines appear,
That laugh'd with the breeze as it stray'd
And the lily is pearl'd with a tear,
As it droops in his favourite shade.

Sigh, sigh, ye soft gales, in despair:
Ye streams, in sad murmurs complain;
For genius can never repair
The loss of your favourite swain:
O'er the grave of Simplicity's child
The kisses of Nature shall stray,
To nourish the flow'r that's wild,
To add the fresh blossoms of May.
And Pity shall oftentimes rove,
Unattended by Envy or Care,
To loiter in Corydon's grove,
And crown what he lov'd with a tear!

EPIGRAM.

Advice to Strephon.

Pensive *Strephon*, cease repining,
Give thy injur'd stars their due;
There's no room for all this pining,
Be *Dorinda* false or true.
If she feeds a faithful passion,
Canst thou call thy fortune cross?
And if sway'd by whim or passion,
Let her leave thee,--where's the loss!

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